THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

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The Apostate.

(*Concluded.*)

If the knight had listened with intense and unwonted emotion, the appearance of the before unseen minstrel was not calculated to diminish, or dissolve the spell. She was on the verge of womanhood. The graces of childhood were blended with the expanded beauty of maturer years; and there was an airy lightness of motion that comported well with the intellectual character of her beauty. The flush of enthusiasm that had been enkindled by her song, still faintly burned upon her cheek. There was soul in her eye—thought, passion, speech, in every change of her eloquent countenance. Approaching the knight with noiseless step, and regarding him for a few moments with kind and anxious attention, she withdrew. He was still reflecting upon the singularity of the announcement and apparition, when a stately step was heard at the door of the tent, and the Emir stood before him. Valois felt a momentary shudder pass over him, when he recognized in the person of his host his successful antagonist, and the blood rushed like a purple cloud to his brow, when the chieftain made known, with the sententious gravity of the nation, the motives of his conduct, and his will. "Giaour, thou art my captive. God hath conquered. It is vain for the Nazarene to contend with a True Believer. Think not that I would insult thy helplessness. I offer thee peace, hope, power. Cast aside that cross, the emblem of a false and bloodthirsty religion, acknowledgeM ohammed as the Prophet of the one God, and thou art my son; the proud warriors of the Korish shall bow to thee, their chief." He withdrew, and left Valois to his own thoughts. Forsake my religion! said Valois to himself, sooner my life. No! let fortune do her worst, I never will be a renegade to my religion.

It matters not to tell of his gradual recovery from sickness, and of the admiration which ripened into passionate love for the gentle and beautiful being, that had hung over him in his sickness, and was now his constant companion, I might almost say, guardian spirit. The Emir forbore to urge Valois to apostatize. He knew that in the eyes of Margulmar lay a deeper, and more persuasive eloquence than any thing which he could urge; and he knew that it had begun to take effect. Delicately susceptible to impressions of beauty, Valois had passed his life in comparative seclusion from the world. The visionary character of his mind had caused him to shrink from the realities of life; and when he mingled with society, the formal manners of the age had chilled and repressed his feelings, and caused him to turn from the heartless, artificial beings who passed before him, to the bright forms that imagination called up to people his hours of solitude and dreams.

It was a lovely evening. The full moon rode high in heaven, and poured her mellow light upon the desert that lay spread out like an ocean below her. In one of the verdant islands that are scattered at great intervals over the desert, and which seem to flourish with more exuberant fertility, when contrasted with the barren expanse of sand which surrounds them, sat Valois and Margulmar. The palms formed a canopy above them, and myriads of tropical flowers revealed their presence by their fragrant odor. They sate together in silence, for the electric sympathy of thought and feeling has a language of its own, and words are useless to express the deep passions of the soul. Her eyes were fixed on a solitary and brilliant star that hung over the western horizon, and as she watched it with long and fixed gaze, the future seemed passing before her. A shade gathered upon her brow which grew darker, and darker till the hidden fire of the prophetess burst forth: "Christian tempt me not to abandon the religion of my fathers. There is no God but the One God, and Mahommed is his prophet. He will triumph. I see the arms and banners of the Giaours in the dust. The crescent is reared above them. I see a knight left in his blood upon a field of battle. The raven flaps his wings over his unburied body. Thou art the man." The last words died away in a low and almost convulsive tone of voice; the high tension of the soul was gone; and she turned her sad and thoughtful eye upon him, with a look of mingled tenderness, hope, and fear that was irresistible. Valois felt the appeal, and understood the meaning. The excitement of the moment staggered his reason; and he murmured as he folded her in his arms, Margulmar I am thine. I yield my soul to thee, and to thy God, though at the loss of heaven. An arrow glanced past him, and quivered in her breast. Her eye still beamed upon him its look of tenderness; thoughts and soul gleamed there for a moment, and then fa-

ded away as the colors leave the evening cloud —she was dead.

He was awakened from his stupefaction and horror by the sudden approach of a small predatory party of christians, that had wandered forth from the camp to visit the neighboring desert, and whose chief had dismissed the arrow that terminated so suddenly his brief dream of happiness. Every thought was concentrated into a deep, burning desire of vengeance. He rushed with blind phrenzy upon their weapons, and wresting a sword from the nearest one, fought with a desperate recklessness—with a tiger-like thirst for blood, that caused them to recoil for a moment from before one who seemed to their affrighted view to be animated with a spirit fresh from hell. But numbers would have finally prevailed, had he not received unexpected aid. A troop of Arabs had marked the course of this small band of christians, and hung at a distance upon their rear till they were sure of their victims, and now burst upon them like a whirlwind. One only escaped. He was the leader. The whole had passed so rapidly, that when Valois flung his now useless sword upon the earth, the events of the night seemed to him a dark, and horrible dream. But he was not permitted long to indulge this delusion. As he approached the spot where he had been seated with Margulmar, his steps were arrested, and his eye fixed as if by a spell. She had fallen back against the trunk of a palm, and the moon that shone full upon her face, lit it up with a soft and beautiful light that seemed to mock the inanimate clay. A few drops of blood had stained her snowy cymar, all else was unchanged. He stood before her in silence. No tear moistened his burning eye. As he contemplated the beautiful being that had shed a momentary brightness upon his life, and whose living light was now quenched in blood, the chaotic madness of his mind subsided into a deep, and settled purpose; and as he flung himself upon the ground before her, he muttered his vow of undying, insatiable vengeance against her murderer, and the whole christian world. He arose a changed man. Every tie that had bound him to earth was broken, thenceforth he lived only for vengeance. * * * * *

When the Soldan had concentrated his army under the walls of the Holy City, amid the cloud of light-armed horsemen that followed the standard of the "King of Kings," was one solitary Christian Knight. His drooping plume fell over a dark brow, and an eye that gleamed with the baleful flames of hell. He bore upon his shield a bloody sword; it was the only device that he displayed. Deep and fell passions had wasted away his flesh; till the mother that bore him, would not have recognized, in the attenuated form, and scowling face of the Apostate, the once noble and beautiful Valois. Yet like the fallen but still haughty son of heaven—

> "A wan, wild beauty lingered there,
> "The wreck of an Arch Angel's sphere."

He moved on in moody silence, regardless of what was passing around him, except when the trumpets sounded the onset of battle, and then the dark fire of his soul blazed forth. In one of the frequent encounters between advanced parties of the armies, the Infidels had been compelled to give way before the superior numbers of the Christians, and Valois borne along in the rush, was dealing death to friends and enemies, when a form caught his eye that suddenly arrested his hand, and sent through his frame a momentary shudder like that produced by the fabled glance of the Basilisk. It was the leader that had escaped him in the desert. Rushing toward him with a force that nothing could withstand, and disregardiag the blows that fell like hail upon him, he confronted his victim,and gazed for a moment upon him with a look that seemed to wither and scorch the trembling wretch upon whom it rested. There was an unnatural, and fiend-like joy in his eyes that no mortal man could withstand. With deliberate and deadly hatred, he slowly passed his sword three times through the body of his passive enemy, and then hurling up the warm blood from his blade towards heaven, he exclaimed with convulsive voice, Margulmar thou art avenged, and sank down pierced with a hundred wounds.

To Miss P——.

On the death of her Father.

The opening spring had cloth'd the earth,
With beauteous green, and fragrant flowers;
And busy songsters in their mirth,
Were sporting in their wonted bowers,—
And gently swept the silenc'd breeze,
The blooming meads and waving trees.

Yet what is spring, with all its charms,
Though freed from winter's chilling breath,
When in its soft enchanting arms,
Our dearest friends recline in death;
And leave the darkened shores of time.
To seek some far, some unknown clime!

When winter, with its raging blast,
Makes dreary every scene around;
Its mantle o'er the earth has cast,
And howling winds and snows abound;
Then think we of the grave and death,
The quivering lip, the fleeting breath!

But in the kind return of spring,
Our thoughts on fairer prospects rove;
We hear the cheerful warblers sing,
And merry notes fill every grove:
Yet oft while scenes of joy we greet,
The grave is yawning at our feet!

'Twas thus with him, for whom I sketch
These humble lines, whose mournful fall,
Our oft forgetful minds should teach,
The swiftly coming fate of all;
On whom fond mem'ry loves to dwell,
And fancy hears his, last farewell.

Unharm'd he pass'd youth's artful wiles,
In manhood's walk, a lustre shed;
And fortune, in her fairy smiles,
Had twined her wreath's around his head;
The tender husband, faithful friend,
The parent, lovely in his end.

Belov'd by all with whom he dwelt,
Benevolent to all around,
Prone was his feeling heart to melt,
For those in misery he found,
And to the poor his hand extend,
Assistance to the suffering lend.

He had begun the downward road,
That leads from manhood's sturdy prime;
With firm and cautious step he trode,
Towards the bounds of fleeting time:
The blooming youth already fled,
And frost was sprinkled o'er his head.

Ere yet benumbed with frosty age,
An iron slumber press'd his eyes;
The Tyrant, stript of all his rage,
But ope'd the gates of paradise,
While Nature spread her vernal bloom
He met the winter of the tomb!

Dost thou in nightly visions seem
To hear his fond paternal voice;
And in the musing midnight dream,
Retrace the scenes of youthful joys?
Dost thou his brighten'd visage see,
Array'd in immortality?

When in the solitary hour,
Thou sitt'st in some retired place;
And memory with its magic power,
Brings back the scenes of earlier days;
And in the pleasing, thougtful train,
Childhood returns to thee again.

Methinks his form would still appear,
Yet cloth'd in fond paternal love;
And for him would the filial tear
Adown its wonted channel rove,
O, would not then thy listening ear,
Still seem again his voice to hear?

But calm reflection breaks the spell;
The dreary world attracts the mind;
The solemn scene, on which you dwell,
Is borne upon the fleeting wind;
And earth, with all its cares and strife,
Returns to fill the chain of life.

Since earthly friends must fade and die,
And moulder in the silent dust;
O, lift your thoughts afar on high,
And make the sinner's friend your trust,
He will our fainting hearts sustain,
And bring us to our friends again.

Then when adown the tide of years,
Your memory fades in slow decay;
And you, beyond this vale of tears,
Have hopes of everlasting day.
When vigor wastes and youth is fled,
And friends are mingled with the dead;

Then may you find a sweet repose,
And calmly yield life's latest breath:
And when your weary eyelids close—
Your visage, pale in ghastly death;
May Angels bear you to the sky,
To dwell in "fairy worlds on high!" MISGEN.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom—he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest man, is generally the greatest fool.

Prison Discipline.

GUILT is ever the precursor of sorrow. Open or secret, it alike brings its reward with it. The darkest shades may cover the villain in his wickedness, and a mantle equally dark may be flung across his breast, to screen his remorse from the eyes of men. So that while alone he enjoys the pleasure of perpetrating crime, alone he feels the pangs which it imparts. Often has it happened that the lurking wretch, after having accomplished his deeds of mischief, has walked among men when every eye appeared like a thorn planted deep in his bosom, and it seemed to him as if his guilt had scathed the covering of his heart, or settled a mirror on his breast, so that a quick glance could read the record of his actions. Long around him lingers the thought that his villany is known. An ambiguous word, a secret whisper, a careless glance of his neighbor, is construed into a sure omen of detection. His treacherous heart sends up the crimson blood in his face, its own betrayer, and the crier of his ruin. If in the mountain-cavern, nature's refuge for the shelterless, and symbol of riper wretchedness to come, he rests his head, a falling twig, or a bird's low whisper, becomes to him the sure tokens of the near approach of vengeance—so that man can fly every thing but himself and his remorse.

But while secret guilt brings its own chastisement, and the culprit is arraigned, and condemned, and scourged by the authority of conscience, there are some whose iniquity assumes a bolder form, who stand out in the broad light of heaven to commit their fraud, as if glorying in their shame. The welfare of every community, the requirements of justice, and the authority of every righteous law demand that such should meet with retributive justice—that their savage passions should be curbed, and they brought to feel that all men have rights unalterable, and inviolable. The stripling that is nourished in the lap of wretchedness may be betrayed into vice, and his "own fears, and his own remorse" may chastise him sufficiently without the aid of criminal laws, which if sternly executed might drive him farther from shore in the rapid tide of his iniquity. But the veteran in crime should be made to feel that he cannot transgress with impunity the just laws of the land. No crime should be cloaked, no iniquity winked at, and no one be permitted to ward off the judgments of the law. But while the officers of justice should watch with honest vigilance lest the guilty go unpunished, it should be equally their duty to mete out to him no more than his due

Too long have men thought that no punishment was too severe to be inflicted on the con-

demned criminal. Too long have they considered that the only object of punishment was to sink the culprit to lower grades of misery, instead of raising him to higher and nobler views of life. But little have they thought of the frailties of human nature, and little have they considered that too severe as well as too lenient modes of punishment are alike without the pale of justice. With confinement they have coupled the idea of absolute misery. They have judged no cell too dark, and no master too harsh, though the region was as gloomy as Pluto's, and the guardian as inexorable as the tripple-headed Cerberus. So thought England; and the inventive powers of the nation were waked to devise new modes of torture for the guilty. But it often happens that excess begets the correction of its own abuses, and here the soul of Howard kindled a counter and renovating spirit, that was destined to work a change in matters of the dearest interest to the nation. Around the name of Howard it is right that fame should weave her laurels. On his name it is right that a halo of glory should rest. He labored and plead, not to enslave and degrade, but to exalt and reform. The lowest depths of wretchedness he fathomed, not to screen the guilty from punishment, but to hold back the arm of judgment in its unwonted severity.

Too much of a degrading spirit the Americans have imbibed with regard to their modes of punishment. Our common jails often exhibit scenes of cruelty altogether incompatible with the spirit which men ought to manifest to their fellows even in the lowest state of degradation. And our prisons witness displays of inhumanity, which no guardian ever had a right to inflict. To this end power may be delegated to them. But might is not right. Disregarding all principles of charity, no body of men have a right to brand another with everlasting infamy for a slight offence. Nor in any case have they freedom to peril his life by confining him in a loathsome dungeon where existence cannot be protracted, or even where it may be endangered. If life is forfeited, let life pay the forfeiture. But let not men linger out their existence in the abodes of despair, enduring misery with which slavery, though grinding as Egyptian bondage, is mere trifling.

Many of the prisons in this country are not only useless, but absolutely injurious. Facts make us bold in the assertion, that they are oftener the nurseries than the grave of vice. The courses of correction in these places are directly calculated to make the convicts complete misanthropes. Twenty or thirty are crowded, to suffocation, in a small cell, and all their other treatment is in unison with this. When their course is finished they depart bereft of all hope of future honor. They go with enmity in their hearts against men, ready to wreak their vengeance alike on the innocent and guilty.

They go well trained for their work. For we see gathered in the mighty conclaves the novice in crime, and the elder wretch that is ripe for hottest wrath. Their villany is common stock. There gathered, like a band of fallen angels, with the eldest rebel at their head, they plot new modes of mischief for mankind. What but misery will these "graduates" from the halls of sin bequeath to the world. Vain, forever vain is the hope that this country will be benefitted by the prisons, until their discipline is altered. Until the fountains are purified the streams will be corrupt. For we hazard nothing in saying that the convicts come out more hardened villains than they entered. Erecting these prisons for the suppression of vice, is like holding up a broad bar of steel to ward off the lightning's blow. It brings down upon our heads, by a sure conducter, the very curse we would avert.

DELTA.

The Vacation.

The clamorous bell now hush'd—
Our weary toil suspended;
And every cheek with joy is flush'd,
To think the term is ended.

With lightsome hearts away we'll go,
Our feet so lightly bounding;
For 'tis enough we only know,
The bell no more is sounding.

All now is still about the college—
The sons of science climbing
No more, the rugged steep of knowledge,
Are now at ease reclining.

The languages, we'll leave behind,
Our coming calmly waiting,
They say they discipline the mind—
To me they're only prating.

Our mathematicks, too, we'll leave—
We've made a good beginning,
The ratio, square and circle give—
Unknown as end of sinning!

Our friends with lovely smiles we'll greet
Nor ever feel repining,
Although we should in sorrow meet,
And find our hopes declining.

O'er hills and valies green we'll stray,
While nature sweetly blooming,
Sends forth the blossoms of the spray
And birds their notes are tuning.

From nature too, we'll take delight—
For 'tis a noble treasure,
To see within our feeble sight
The joyous scenes of pleasue.

This time of rest is yet so fleeting,
We soon shall be returning,
Again, (our old companions greeting,)
To tread the paths of learning.

Again the bell resumes its tone—
Again to us is sounding,
Alas! the short vacation's gone
With toil alone abounding.

TYRO.

The Sacrifice.

"——— She pined in thought,
"And sat like Patience on a monument
"Smiling at Grief."

In that season of the year when the gloomy bonds of frost are dissolved, and the harsh and boisterous winds of winter are succeeded by the more gentle breezes of summer; when nature spreads forth all her fascinating charms to grace the beauties of the year, and attract the attention of her admirers, I was travelling in company with a single friend through a beautiful country, which seemed to call forth the liveliest recollections of fiction and romance. There was something so beautiful in its features that we almost forgot the place of our destination. We however continued our journey with no other object than the mere gratification of our curiosity. At the close of the day we approached the village of S——. It was small, yet regularly laid out, and particularly distinguished for the inimitable beauty of its scenery. We entered a public house whose greatest recommendation was the order and tranquillity within. Its inmates consisted of one or two fellow-travellers, some half a dozen loiterers, together with the family and domestics. My attention was particularly attracted to one whom mine host addressed by the name of William, and who I understood was from a neighboring village. The elegance with which he quaffed his wine, and whiffed his cigar, attracted the attention of the whole company. There was something so dignified in his air, that there could be no doubt of his pretensions to the character and appellation of a gentleman. As the company one by one retired, we were conducted to our chamber.—The next day we proposed to tarry in the place, it being the Sabbath. We rose with the morning, and were greeted with smiles by the inmates of the house. The sun rose beautifully as if to bear witness to the peacefulness that dwelt there. At the appointed hour we repaired ts the church. It was an antiquated building, which seemed to have withstood the storms of ages. I looked with a degree of reverence upon the congregation, some of whom appeared as if they had occupied their seats for at least a century. Among them I beheld a beautiful female, who seemed to combine all the loveliness of youth with the devotion of a christian. Although impressed with a sense of that holy feeling which ought to take possession of my heart' I could not refrain from indulging in those passing thoughts, which rolled in quick succession through my mind. Never before had I seen christian dignity so strongly united with youthful simplicity and unaffected behavior. The very beauties of nature seemed to impart a loveliness to her features. The day ended as it had begun, with nothing to damp its joy. On the following day we took leave of the village of S——, filled with a thousand pleasing reflections of our interview with its inhabitants. As we receded from the place, these reflections gradually gave place to those more intimately connected with our journey. But at intervals of labor or rest these thoughts involuntarily took possession of my heart. Months rolled away in rapid succession, before I had again retraced in my imagination the circumstances of the visit at S——. It was upon a beautiful evening in autumn that I was taking a moonlight ramble, not many miles from the village of S——, indulging in those thoughts which such a scene is naturally calculated to inspire. When given to meditation, it was my delight to seek the solitudes of evening, and pour out my hallowed thoughts in communion with the Deity. I was approaching a churchyard, reflecting that it was to be hereafter the receptacle of "all living," when I beheld a lovely form approaching at a distance. She moved with a slow and solemn pace toward a newly covered grave. So deep was her sense of affliction, that she disregarded all other objects around her, save the one to which she was hastening. As she sat down upon the grave, the pale moon gently beamed upon her countenance, by which her features were distinctly visible. Her countenance looked pale, as if Melancholy had held her cheerless dominion there. Her glossy hair hung negligently upon her shoulders,—her brows were a little contracted, as if engaged in deep and anxious thought. I approached her, but she heeded not, nor saw not my coming. I spoke, but she heard not.—All was silent, as the charnel-house of the dead! A multitude of thoughts rushed into my mind with fearful rapidity. Was it the grave of a brother, or sister?—a father, or mother? Was it the grave of her lost earthly friend, or the grave of a lover? Or was she only the spirit of the departed, holding her nightly vigils over the grave? All of these were fearful conjectures, the truth of which I was anxious, yet dreaded to learn. An irresistible curiosity chained me to the spot, until I saw her depart, occasionally casting wild glances behind her, as if willing to linger there still longer. When I had lost sight of her, I retired filled with awful admiration, mingled with a deep sense of sympathy at what I had seen. I retired to rest, but her image was before me. My slumbers were broken and interrupted by wild and fearful dreams. The next morning left me in the same confused doubts as before. I determined to learn her history, yet several weeks had elapsed before I had obtained any information concerning her. I learned

from a friend who related the following story—that it was Mary whom I had seen at S——. At an early period of her life, when the first friendly impulses of a tender heart is felt, and simple friendship imperceptibly expands into love, she had, with all the artless simplicity of youth, become strongly attached to William, whom I have before mentioned; and he had as strongly reciprocated this mutual affection. There is something truly devotional in the innocence of youth pledging "heart for heart," which ought ever to be held sacred. But the sanctity of the heart is often violated, and its possessor hidden in the dust. Such was the fate of the unfortunate Mary! William, though he possessed the qualifications of a gentleman, was not altogether unexceptionable in his character. He seemed to attach a degree of importance to the professional life for which he was preparing, which did not accord with the feelings of the father, who looked upon any notions of gallantry, or genteel behavior, as deadly hate. Though he was guilty of no flagrant offences, yet he was ill calculated to soothe the austerity of the parent. He was, therefore, strongly opposed.—But the frowns of the father did not shake the constancy of the generous and confiding Mary. The old man, as an apology for his disapprobation of her choice, favored the suit of Mr. F——, a man destitute of those finer feelings of friendship, which soften the cares and diminish the hardships of domestic life, but of whom it could only be said "he was clever." In vain was she told of the independence she would secure;—her's was not the heart to be bought for gold. William, in the intervals of hope and disappointment, resorted to the bowl to drive away his fearful doubts. The consequence of the old man's denial was construed into the cause of his objection. Mary saw with fearful anxiety the consequences which would inevitably follow. She urged her father for philanthropy's sake to give his consent; for she believed that she might, by correcting his vices, save him from his approaching doom. She burst out in the impassioned eloquence of nature—

"Good father, I beseech you hear me on my knees,
"Hear me with patience but to speak a word."

"In the name of humanity I entreat you permit me, by averting my own destruction, to save a ruined man." But all in vain. His heart was steeled against all impressions of sympathy—no argument could convince him—no conviction could persuade him. His denial was, therefore, absolute. The soft and tender feelings of the parent had given way to the rigors of imperative command. As time passed away all remained uncertainty, save that intemperance was fast making sure of its victim His dissolute habits had now become confirmed by every day's experience. Fear had now become absolute danger—doubt, dreadful certainty. The wildness of despair hung over him. Amidst all these scenes Mary could not remain an idle spectator. Her nature was deeply incorporated with his. The same silent grief that preyed upon his constitution was transferred to her's. She became the victim of disease—bitter anguish gnawed upon her inmost soul. Her father thinking to avert the settled melancholy by removing her from the place, determined to send her into the country, under pretence of recovering her health; though in truth it was his object to accomplish a final separation. She did, indeed, regain her health and spirits, but it was of short duration. Though the glow of health brightened on her cheek, like the blushing beauty of the rose—though gaiety resumed her wonted seat, and sorrow gave way to cheerfulness, still the change was transitory. William was no more! The news of his death soon reached her. Then, what bitter anguish pierced her soul! Conjecture had now become reality. She repaired to the residence of William to pay her last pious act of devotion to his memory. But even this was denied her. The proffered hand of Mr. F—— was again urged more earnestly than before; but she rejected it with proud disdain, saying this heart which was once pledged, shall never be given to another.—Though I yet survive, my hopes are buried in the dust! Though my hand should be, my heart could never be given him. The indignation of the father was now aroused—he declared by his will, that he wuold leave her destitute, and even banished her from his house. From this time she became the nightly visitor of his grave, where I had first seen her. There, like a wandering spirit, she would steal away by night, and sit in pensive, melancholy thought, till finally she was found dead upon his grave! LOTHARIO.

The Choice.

As Mary for home press'd her way o'er the lawn,
While the Sun was in splendor retiring;
By chance came her lover, as fleet as a fawn,
With a zeal that the scene was inspiring.

A moment they paused, but unknown what was said—
They parted, for neither could tarry;
But Mary all pensively hung down her head
And begged permission to marry.

Her sisters all stared and her father look'd wild,
As she ask'd his advice on the subject;
Nor knew he what language to use to his child,
For turning her mind from her object.

The Bible he took—'twas the family's guide,
And by this his point meant to carry;
He prov'd she does well, who would fain be a bride,
But far better she, that would tarry.

The weight of its influence, the sequel will tell,
For viewing th' objections that met her,
"*Then Father*," said she, "*I'm inclined to do well,*
The rest, if they please may do better." SETHON.

The Ill-Fated Farmer.

It is sometimes a pleasing employment to recount the occurrences of early youth. And the remembrance of the scenes and persons with which those hours of joy and sorrow passed away, is often fraught with rich instruction. It was my lot to spend that part of life with a Farmer who lived some distance from old Kentuck. or at least a distance from this place, or I should not have dared to relate his history, for I always feared him as I did an alligator. Not that he resembled an alligator. Far otherwise, he was like to one of that beings somewhere between the gaunt ourang-outang and the beetle-eyed monkey. But look as he would, he was the hugest and most uncouth thing that nature over knocked into the shape of a man. The hopper of his head was of a peculiar structure. When this was filled he could follow a wild turkey till it had worn its legs snug up to the body. And when his grinders were in motion the sound resembled the clattering of a huge corn-cracker. His luxuries were on the same great plan. A common pipe would not answer his turn in smoking, he would swallow it as quick as the huge Boa would swallow a cat. For this reason he used, as a pipe, a large skillet, with a hollow handle. A single fact will show the strength of his teeth:—During his passage thro' a large wood he was pursued by a company of wild beasts; he leaped into a tree, caught a limb in his mouth, and hung in safety till morning.

Thus much for his form. Now attend to the disposition of his mind. He thought that an evil fate followed him all his days. If it was foul weather it was to torment him; if fair it was for his neighbors good. We were once walking, in spring time, over his beautiful interval by the side of a noble river which had thrown off the chains of winter. Every thing was calculated to impart joy and gladness to the heart of a beholder, and more especially to the farmer who could anticipate the rich revenue he was to gain from his fields. The sun was rolling in glory and grandeur through the cloudless sky, and sending over a wide earth an invigorating warmth without the scorching heat. I conld not invent a cause of complaint. But my old master was continually repining that the sun did not ride swiftly up to the summer solstice and send out the burning rays without so many tardy movements. He declared that he would as soon hang up his yellow dog in the sky to warm him. But before he returned to his home he found a real cause of complaint. His horses were in a most sad predicament. It was his custom to take down his horses in the fall, and lay by their bones till spring, when he would put them together again. He had done so the previous winter and just sent them into the meadow to get their usual covering of flesh. In the hurry, the legs were changed, so that one was hobbling about on three feet without reaching half way to the ground with the fourth, while the other like a table with one leg twice the length of the rest—was vainly trying to stand without being able to effect an equilibrium. Notwithstanding this mishap, he made another mistake which fully compensated for this loss. He led an old superannuated horse to the field intending to kill him, but thinking of nothing but his hide, he stript him without taking life. In the night he heard a noise at the door, and found that the horse carcase had come demanding his skin. A number of sheep skins were thrown over him, but in the morning he could not get them off. I suppose the beast was unwilling to make another exchange. And while he lived he annually yielded to his owner forty pounds of good wool.

I shall relate only one more instance of this peculiar man. In autumn he was for a long time hindered from getting his crops into the barn. As to his beans he said if he could once get them in, he would never trust the earth with them, again.

GAMMA.

Items of News.

Foreign.—No news of importance from Europe since our last. The Russian army seems to be in a state of inactivity. France is in rather a disordered state. The debates, in the Chamber of Deputies, are angry and violent. The main question in agitation, was the interferance of Austria, in the affairs of Italy.

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Connecticut.—John S. Peters is elected Governor of this state. There was no choice of Lieut. Governor, by the people, and the Legislature cannot succeed in making one, because the House nominated one man, and the Senate another. They refuse to meet in joint ballot.

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Nothing further respecting the new Cabinet since our last. It is understood that Messrs. Livingston and Woodbury have accepted their appointments.

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Hon. Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania, has renounced masonry.

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State Conventions.—The Literary Convention is to be holden at the State House in Montpelier on the last Wednesday of the present month., The National Republicans, hold one, at the same place, on the 4th Wednesday of June, and the Anti-masons on the third.

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A man by the name of Woodside of Washington City, gives out that he has discovered a meth-

od of finding *the quadrature of the circle.* It is "very *simple and easy*" of course. *Credat Judæus.*

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The Edinburgh Scotsman notes it as a beautiful trait in the history of the American government, that it "has never shed a drop of human blood, nor banished a single individual for state crimes." This is just, and the circumstance is peculiar, and redounds to the credit of the republican system. The situation and feelings of the American people, at the time they made their easy, natural transition to that system, were eminently favorable to future and permanent unanimity. There is no government, other than ours, perfectly adapted to the interests, habits and sentiments of the universal nation; under every other, there is a strong minority, at least, disadvantaged and disaffected; the rulers are obliged, for self-preservation, to resort to the severest penalties against treason or sedition.

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Sunday School Anniversary.—The different Sunday Schools in this city, comprised in the New-York Sunday School Union, several thousands in number, assembled in the Park on Tuesday afternoon, under the direction of their superintendents and teachers, and presented an imposing and highly interesting spectacle. They were tidy, well-behaved, and for the most part well dressed. The fifteenth anniversary meeting of the society took place in the evening at the Middle Dutch Church, at which the Rev. Dr. Milnor presided. The annual reports were read, and among other interesting facts it was stated, that there at this time in the city, attached to the Sunday School Union, 58 schools, presided over by nearly 2000 superintendents and teachers, and containing about 14,000 scholars. Of the teachers 1260, and of the children near 250, are professors of religion. Connected with the Sunday School institution are 49 libraries, containing upwards of 15,000 volumes.—*Eve. Post.*

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Texas.—The Boston Commercial Gazette says: "About seven years since the authorized emigration to Texas from the United States commenced; during the greater part of which time the inducements held out to settlers were but little known, and emigration was, in consequence, but limited. within a short time, however, it has greatly increased in numbers, and improved in character. The whole amount of Anglo-American population is now 8000 souls; the most of whom are settled in Austin's colony. The native Mexican population numbers about 5000—residing chiefly in three villages. The principal Aboriginal tribes are situated high up in the country, and have no connection with the whites."

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The new Prime Minister of France.—M. Cassimir Perrier is fifty-four years of age, of a handsome countenance, elevated stature, firm character, quick apprehension and great eloquence. His fortune is one of the greatest in France. He has been at the head of the liberal party for the last fifteen years, was one of the main authors of the revolution of July, and in the Chamber of Deputies was twice elected President.

Population of the theatre of the Insurrection in Italy.—The Duchy of Modena contains 400,000 souls, and the Duchy of Massa, Carrara which is united with it 50,000; Modena, the capital, has barely a population of 24,000, and indifferent fortifications. Bologna, the point from which the present insurrection in the dominions of the Pope and all centre Italy, has proceeded and which is the seat of the provisional government, has 70 to 80,000 inhabitants, an ancient university and a numerous aspiring youth. The National Guard there at the time of the Cesalpine Republic was the best in Italy, and the city was the first in the dominions of the Church, which in 1796, declared itself independent.

The whole Papal dominions contain 2 1-2 millions of inhabitants. The Duchy of Parma and Placenza, which is governed by Napoleon's widow, the late Empress of Maria Louisa, contains 400,000 inhabitants, and the capital of Parma 30,000.

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It is related of Disgenes that when he was asked how he would be buried, he answerd—"with my face downward: for, within a while the world will be turned up-side down and then I shall be right." The world is now likely to be so often turned, that the choice of a posture would be idle.

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Adieu.—This is an expression of farewell familiarly used by all classes of people: but its derivation, which is a beautiful one, is not perhaps generally known. It comes from the French words *a dieu*—to God—implying, I depart from you, but leave you to the protection of Heaven.

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An Editorial on "Excess of Curiosity" in the Northampton Courier, concludes happily as follows:

"Inordinate curiosity, however, is not always without an accompanying benefit; it appears that the New-York Bank Robber owes his detection entirely to the curiosity of Mrs. Bangs, the lady of the house where he boarded; she could not conceive within herself *why* Smith should seclude himself in the daytime, and go out at midnight; *why* he should shut one half of his shutters and leave the others open; *why* he should drink his tea in his chamber, when the family table offered so many more inducements; for a solution of these queries; she applied to her husband, he applied to the police, and the police applied to the man himself—and the disclosures followed; he receives a handsome fortune in consequence of the inquisitive spirit of his wife, which under other circumstances, might be considered an insuperable evil, but in this case, a happy and profitable accomplishment. Female curiosity, hereafter, must not be hastily condemned; it may produce a moderate fortune, or it *may* ruin a princely one.

MARRIED,

in Addison, Mr Lucius A. Foot of Shorham to Miss Emily J. Smith eldest dtughter of A. Smith Esq. of Addison

DIED,

In this town, on the 6th inst. Mr James L. Huston aged 74.—Also, on the 12th, Mrs. Jane Spencer, aged 38. In Bristol, on the 14th of April, Levi Warner M. D. of New-Haven, in the 53d year of his age.